

Written for The Evening Star.

The many friends of "Private" Joan Allen of the first Mississippi district in ment at his expense and discomfiture just now. And it all comes about in this way: Allen is one of the greatest wits in the House. A dinner where good fellowship is expected would be as barren without Allen as it would be with the absence of the conventional and time-honored juice of the

grape. Allen is the real article. When the Gridiron Club was preparing for its thirteenth anniversary banquet the Mississippi "private" was the first one cn the list to be sent an invitation, both be cause of the fact that his name begins with the initial letter of the alphabet and because the committee was anxious to assure

A week ago last Saturday night a car riage rolled up in front of the Arlington. With elastic step, and clad in most fashion-able full dress attire, Ailen alighted and walked into the office. Accosting one of the clerks, he inquired blandly: "Will you kindly direct me to where the

banquet is being held?" The clerk looked at the Mississippian in "What banquet do you refer to?" he asked. "Why, the Gridiron Club banquet," Allen

It then began to dawn upon the mind of the cierk that Mr. Allen had become mixed in his dates.

"I guess you are off your trolley, aren't u?' asked the clerk good naturedly.
"What do you mean?" demanded Allen. "You come around next Saturday night about this time and I shall be pleased to direct you to the banquet hall and extend to you the hospitality of the Arlington."
"Can it be that I am in error." Mr. Allen sollloquized, as he fumbled about his problem for the invitation.

pockets for the invitation. Finally he found it. He also learned beyond any question that he was just one week ahead in filling the engagement. A look of deep dis-gust pervaded his usual sanguine visage. Then the humorous side of the situation came to his view.
"Say," he said to the clerk, "if any one tells this on me I want to be that one."

The clerk promised secrecy.

But the story was too good for Allen to keep. He told it to one of his near friends and now he hears it on every side.

* * * * * * "It is surprising the number of rubber bands that are used in the mercantile business these days," said a down-town druggist a few nights ago, as he quickly snap ped one around a five-cent package of sodium bicarbonate for a lady customer.

"We use hundreds of them every day, whereas formerly we used twine. The manvfacture of rubber bands has become an enormous industry in this country, particularly during the past few years. It is not half a dozen years ago hardly that rubber bands were used almost solely for filing papers and documents, and you seldom saw them used outside of a city hall or court house. Now you will scarcely find a drug store or grocery that does not use them more or less in place of twine in putting up the smalle: packages.

"In the drug business the rubber band has become almost an indispensable article. A band may be adjusted about a package in one-third of the time that it takes to wind the twine around and break it off, as be made more symmetrical then by the old method. Often in using twing one gets the package all out of chape, and a clerk who is interested in his work does not like to allow . package to leave his hands in such condition. Still it can't be avoided when

one is in a hurry.

"Women particularly like the rubber bands, and, as a rule, they save them. It may not be generally known that a rubber band is the best known article for cleaning the teeth. I mean for removing the accumulations between the teeth and where a mulations between the teeth and where brush will not reach. Did you ever try it? No? Well, you do it and see if what I say is not the truth. The elasticity of rubber makes it much easier to penetrate between teeth that are the closest together. and it is far superior to a silken thread, which is used by many. Women also find rubber bands handy for elastic mouths in bags and small pouches.

"I don't know just to what extent rubber bands have encroached on the business of the twine manufacturers, but I do know that they are fast supplanting twine fo use in putting up the smaller packages."

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"One of the most prosperous druggists in

the northwestern part of the city has not been shaved by another person than his wife in eleven years," said an E street doctor yesterday. "This druggist I speak of always presents

a clean face. I rever went into his store that he did not look as if he had just left a barber's chair. A few nights ago I went into his store to get a prescription compounded. As I entered the door I heard a voice come from back of the prescription department.

'Sit down,' it said, 'and I will be with you in about five minutes." "I recognized the voice as that of the

druggist, and I asked 'What's the matter?' "Before he had time to answer me I had got near enough to the prescription counter to look over and see a fine-looking woman whom I recognized as his wife, putting the finishing touches to a shave. I watched her carefully, and I can say that she went through with the work with as much eas and unconcern as the most accomplished male tonsorialist. "While his wife was shampooing and fix-

ing up his hair he told me that he had not been in a barber shop for eleven years, other than to get his hair cut, and that his wife during all that time had looked after

"The way he got into the habit of having his wife shave him was easy, and one that almost any man might emulate. He was going around the store one day with several days' growth of hair on his face, when his wife asked him why he didn'

get shaved.
"I have not the time to go to the barber

shop, darling, was his reply.
"The following day she called attention to the fact that he was frightful in approach that he pearance and he gave the excuse that he

"When she broached the matter on the following day, and he said he had no one to leave in charge of the store, she took the matter in hand. She went down town and bought as good a razor as could be found. Then she told him she was prepared to shave nim, and he could secrete himself behind the prescription depart-ment. He consented, and she is shaving him today."

John H. Ryder, who died in Cleveland this week, was a photographer of worldwide reputation. He was a native of Itha ca, N. Y., but went to Cleveland when he was twenty-five years old. A few years later Charles F. Browne appeared there and began his work as a local reporter on the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Browne and Ryder were fast friends. They lived together and their room was a rendezvous for good fellows who liked fun. They were living together when Browne wrote his first letter, signed "Artemus Ward," a name which afterward brought to him fame as the greatest American humorist. The names of "Jack" Ryder and his wife are mentioned in Artemus Ward's books. Mrs. "Jack" Ryder had a keen appreciation of humor, such as is rarely found in her sex. After Ryder's marriage, Browne was a daily caller at his home, and it has been said that many of his jokes and funny

yarns were inspirations from his old friend's wife. Washington photographers and lovers of the photographic art "Jack" Ryder was well known. His death will be generally regretted by the profession of which he was

"This cold snap has been a hard one on those office seekers who come to Washington with more hope than money," said gentleman from Florida Friday. "I have been here less than twenty-four hours and have been accosted within that time by more than half a dozen southerners, whom Congress are having considerable merri- I have known at one time or other. Each wanted to negotiate a modest loan, assuring me that he would pay it as soon as he got the position he was after.

"Strange what delusion-a snare in some instances—the change of administration means to some people. Some of the men who wanted to borrow of me I am absolute ly positive the administration would not favor with an office, if there were a multiplicity of them in excess of the applicants. Yet you could no more make them believe there was no show than you could make a mud turtle fly. I had to turn them all down. Some of them were deserving fellows to

lows, too.
"One fellow from Georgia told me he that he had been assured of a place. He said he was only waiting, and I think he will be waiting for many moons. The same ambition to work displayed at home would be productive of good results, more satisfactory results than waiting, as he is now, for a soft berth from the government."

* * * * * A group of congressmen were telling stories in the cloak room of the House the other day. One of them, a lawyer, told this experience.

"In the town where I first began the practice of the law there was an Irishman, Patrick McDonald, whom every one called Pat. Now, Pat was a good-hearted fellow, but he didn't get along very well with his neighbors. "There was an easy-going fellow in the

same town by the name of Wheelock. He was born in 1840, and his parents named him Harrison. In country towns the peo-ple are familiar with one another to the extent that names are abbreviated or para-phrased. Every one knew this man as Hat' Who lat' Wheelock.
"Well, Wheelock and Pat had some words

over a horse trade. The language used was more expressive than elegant. According to Pat's version of the affair Hat threat-ened to break his face. Anyway, Pat went before a justice of the peace and made affidavit that he was afraid that Hat would

do him bodily injury.

"Hat, of course, was arrested. He got me to defend him. When the case was called Pat took the stand and related the story of how Hat had threatened to injure him. When he was turned over to me for cross-examination, I began: "'Now, Mr. McDonald, you say you are afraid of your life?"

"'I am, sor,' was his prompt reply.
"'Then you admit that Mr. Wheelock

can whip you, do you?" "His Irish was up in a flash.
"'Not by a d—n sight, sor; I can whip half a dozen like him.' "That's all, your honor,' I said to the justice, and he dismissed the case against

THE CUBAN DOLLAR.

A Handsome Coin Placed on Sale in This City.

The silver souvenir coin issued by the Cuban delegation to raise money for carrying on the war for independence in that island was placed on sale recently in a number of the local hotels and business places under the direction of Mr. Ricardo Dia-Aibertini, second secretary of the Cuban legation, and Mr. Gonzalo Quesada, charge d'affaires.

The coin is about the size of the United States silver dollar and is, if anything, a prettier design. The obverse side of the



coin has the head of a beautiful woman, modeled after Miss Molina, a Cuban lady in New York, and the motto of the ing Cubans, which, translated, country and liberty.

On the reverse side are the words "re-public of Cuba," and the coat of arms, above which is the Phrygian cap of liberty. The upper section of the coat of arms has two peninsulas, that of Yucatan and that of Florida. Out of the sea between is the rising sun of liberty and a key, which rep-resents Cuba as the key to the Gulf of In the left hand lower quarter of the

coat of arms are five stripes, which on the Cuban flag are three of blue and two of white. The right-hand lower quarter the royal paim tree, the characteristic tree of Cuba, and a landscape of mountains and rivers. On this side of the coin are five cents worth of silver and is redeen ble at one dollar when Cuba shall be free. Secretary Albertini said that the sale of the coin had been very good in Washing-ton, when everything is considered. The sale in New York, he said, was very large and a satisfactory amount of money for the Cuban cause was realized

STEEL PENS.

The Demand is Increasing Steadily All the Time. "The demand for steel pens," said a large

wholesale dealer in this line of trade in New York to a writer for The Star, "is annually increasing, despite the enormous use of typewriting machines throughout the world. It is estimated that no less that 6,000,000 gross or 864,000,000 steel pens were sold in the United States last year. Of these about 432,000,000, or just half the total number of pens consumed here, were manufactured in this country and the rest came from Germany, France and England. Prior to the civil war only a small number of steel pens were produced in America, but in 1860 a pen factory was established by an Englishman in Camden, N. J. For two or three years this manufacturer only employed ten or twelve hands. Today the works give steady occupation to over 500 people, who turn out about 1,800,000 gross

of pens yearly.

"The first metallic pen is said to have been made by a man named Harrison in Birmingham, England, in 1780. These pens were made by hand for over a quarter of a century. They were punched out of a thin sheet of steel and then rounded into a barral sheet." rel shape. The place where the slit was t be was marked with a sharp chisel and be fore tempering this was tapped with a small hammer until it cracked, which mark formed the slit. From such crude beginnings has our modern steel pen evolved. "To such a state of perfection has penmaking machinery been brought, coupled with the division of labor and keen competition of trade that several forms now have tition of trade, that several firms now have an output of from 20,000 to 30,000 gross per week. The total production in Birming-

week. The total production in Birmingham, the greatest center in the world for pen making, is reckoned at 160,000 gross, or 23,000,000 pens per week. The number and variety of patterns now made in this country and in England is hardly credible. One of the prominent American manufacturers turns out as many as 2,000 different styles of pens, and a leading maker in Birmingham has a catalogue of 5,000 varieties, which he keeps in stock, while many other patterns are made to order."

"But if I kiss you once no one will be any "Oh, yes, there will."
"Who?"

reminded of an experience that I once had when I was in the fruit business in New

when he asked her to marry him.
"It was about the season of St. Valentine, when the little birds mate, that Miaco, with a heart full of love for the pretty olive-skinned fruit seller, asked her to be his wife, and she, replying, told him she would give him his answer in two days. It was then a week before the 14th of February and promptly her answer came hear. ary, and promptly her answer came, bearing on its outer envelope the words, 'Your Valentine.' With an eagerness alone possessed by a warm-blooded Italian who is deeply in love, Miaco tore open the missive, to find in it only an announcement to the effect that Favorits was soon to marry

sive, to find in it only an announcement to the effect that Favorita was soon to marry one Alessandro Malvo, a man of all others most hated and feared by Miaco.

"The missive made him crazy, I guess, for when he came into my place during the day he acted so, and in reply to my questioning he took me aside and told me that Favorita had promised to be his wife and his joy had unbalanced him. He was locking for a lot of bananas, the finest he could get, to send to her, as a slight token could get, to send to her, as a slight token of his esteem, and finally took ten large bunches, including three which I cautioned him particularly about, as tarantulas were suspected in their midst, though we had not been able to locate them. He smiled strangely at the information and went strangely at the information and went away after paying for the fruit. It was sent to him that evening in my wagon and I wrote a note calling his attention again to the danger of the deadly spider.

"Of what happened after that I know nothing in detail. All I know is that on the morning of St. Valentine's day there was great excitement down the street, and word came that the pretty Eavorits had

word came that the pretty Favorita had been bitten by a tarantula and was dying. The saddest part of it, said the old woman who told me, was that the spider was in a bunch of bananas that Favorita's sweetheart had given her—the fine Miaco, who was to have been her husband, though she had in a joke told him she was going to marry Alessandro.

"This made a very unpleasant duty de-volve upon me, for I felt that I had information which would come very near making Miaco a murderer, but, as it hap-pened, I was not called upon to testify in the case. Miaco told the story in a state-ment he left when he killed himself."

PUNISHED FOR FIBBING.

Why He Denied Himself a Plate of Tempting Blue Points. A well-known Washington man has paid

the penalty of fashionable fibbing, and his punishment coming by way of the stomach, has taught him a lesson. This is the way it happened:

Mr. A.-who, by the way, has not been long married-met some out-of-town friends one morning last week and invited them off-hand to dine that night. "Come up and see what a charming little

wife I have, and how cozily we are fixed,"

said he. The friends agreed to come, and Mr. A. telephoned his wife to prepare for guests. It was Monday-bleak, blue Monday-and a new kitchen importation, a cranky range and a leak in the roof were among the stern realities of the day. In the face of these, Mrs. A. flew about and arranged a dinner calculated to astonish her husband's friends. She concluded one of them must be an ex-sweetheart, and her womanly in-

stinct was not at fault. Hubby came home an hour earlier than Hubby came home an hour earlier than usual. Wifey was fresh and sweet and hopeful of the dinner, but joy was turned to grief when six instead of four guests arrived for dinner. "You see," explained the husband of the ex-sweetheart, "we ran into Smith and Jones up at the library. Knew you'd want to see them, so told them to come along and see how well you were settled; what a jewel of a wife you had, and all that sort of thing. Hope it's all right cination to little Miss M—. Singularly all that sort of thing. Hope it's all right,

"Oh, yes, all right; certainly," returned Mr. A., but Mrs. A. turned pale at the idea of there being a scarcity of dinner. While the others were talking she managed to slip out and take counsel with the cook. Fortunately all things could be apportioned satisfactorily, with the exception of the By no calculation could blue the half shell for six be made to lo duty for eight. Five plates were eked out, and Mr. A. upon learning the predica-ment heroically insisted upon going with-

Dinner was served and the ex-sweetheart de herself very agreable. Sitting at Mr. A.'s right, she noticed his abstinence and remarked: "Don't you eat oysters? I emarked: "Don't you eat oysters? hought you used to be so fond of them."

"Never eat them," replied Mr. A. "Beastly things—they never did agree with me, so I've given them up." Then everybody took up the theme, and Mr. A. was condoled with, advised just how to cultivate a liking for oysters, until the arrival of soup put an end to the oyster

The next evening Mr. and Mrs. A. were invited to dine with the out-of-town friends at their hotel. The place is famous for its delicious table, and the party sat down to a

well-laid board, upon which the oyster por-tions were already arranged. Mr. A. had forgotten his oyster predicament of the night before, but his wife was dismayed to see him plunge his fork into a succulent bivalve with all the satisfaction of a keen bivalve with all the satisfaction of a keen lover of the same. Meanwhile the exsweetheart was regarding Mr. A. with astonishment. It was a moment for the display of woman's wit, and Mrs. A. saved her husband by giving utterance to a shrill shriek and jumping upon a chair.

"A mouse, a mouse," she cried. Quick as a flash every one was up, and Mr. A. rushing to the resue of his wife received an agonized warning that was fairly hissed

agonized warning that was fairly hissed into his ear. "You do not eat oysters. Beastly things,

Light dawned upon the mind of Mr. A. and because he had chosen to fib at his own table, he was obliged to forego the most perfectly iced plate of blue points that ever tantalized a man's appetite. However much Mr. A. suffered in fore-going the oysters, he pronounced Mrs. A. a brick for the saving of his reputation in the eyes of her ex-sweetheart. Some wo-men would not have been as amiable.

The Queen's English.

From the New York Weekly. Englishman-"I say, ye knaw, what's the bookage to Boston?" Railroad Ticket Clerk-"The whatage?" Englishman-"The bookage, ye knaw-the Ticket Clerk—"I haven't time to talk politics."

ROMANCE OF A VALENTINE HOUSE AND SENATE PAGES THE CAT AND THE RIFLE

"I have been noticing the valentines in the windows," remarked the wholesale fruit dealer to The Star reporter, "and I am talked interestingly with a Star reporter "Times have changed since I went into recently.

when I was in the fruit business in New Orleans. Two of my customers kept fruit stands near each other, one of them being a man whom we called 'Mike,' because his name was Miaco, and the other a very pretty type of the Italian girl whose name was Favorita. She was a desperate coquette and Miaco was a desperate corquette and Miaco was a desperate loyer. That is to say, he became so under the merciless coquetry of the girl. They had known each other for years, and she had been his rival in trade for a year or so when he asked her to marry him.

"It was about the season of St. Valentine, when the little birds mate, that Miaco, the pretty working for the representatives, side by working for the representatives, helping to mail their documents, writing for them and doing various kinds of work.

for them and doing various kinds of work. Since the bill was passed granting the representatives private secretaries, of course this has all changed.

"Nowadays the pages can't even listen to the debates and have a chance to learn something that way, as was formerly the case. Since Mr. Reed's second term as Speaker he has made a great revolution in this respect. Now the pages are cooped up in quarters in the cloak rooms on either side of the House. It is a regular hotel bell boy arrangement. Instead of clapping their hands, as they used to do, the representatives when they want a page simply touch a button. This rings a bell in the pages' rooms. There is an electric annunciator which is the same as used in hotels for the bell boys, so that it can be told directly where the boy is wanted. I understand they are going still further to make the arrangement savor of the bell boy position, as there is the arrangement savor of the bell boy po-sition, as there is talk of uniforming the boys.
"When I first went in they had two chief

"When I first went in they had two chief pages who got \$1,000 salary, who were supposed to look after the others. Now, as the boys sit on the long benches in the corners of the cloak room they are watched by an overseer, as he is called, who receives a salary of \$000. He watches the annunciator and when a bell rings sends a boy to the desk. So it is getting more and more like the hotel system all the time.

"In the Senate they do not allow boys over sixteen years of age, but it makes no difference in the House. When I was there some of them were twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. A boy has to be twelve years or more to occupy a position as page. rears or more to occupy a position as page. There are thirty-three in the House and sixteen in the Serate. The pages, I believe, in the Supreme Court chamber are required to wear knee breeches when they ere on duty, but this is not enforced on the others.
"The boys I found were well posted on the surprising

political affairs, and it is not surprising that Senator Gorman turned out as able a politician as he did when it is considered that he served as page in the Senate. They that he served as page in the Senate. They know the pedigree, as it were, of every senator or representative, and generally have nick-names for them, which would prove very amusing if they did not fit so well in a number of cases. They can forecast what is going to happen nearly as well as the senators or representatives themselves. Talk about messenger boys being up to snuff, why, they are not in it with the Senate and House pages. In the first place they are generally of a nigher order of intelligence, coming from excellent families, and the little schemes they work among themselves would do credit to

work among themselves would do credit to a politician of an established reputation. If they find anything out to the discredit of a member of Congress they are not slow sometimes to take advantage of it for their own benefit in a most innocent manner.

They are a high-minded set of fellows, however, and do credit to themselves and their country."

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

How a Debutante Had a Taste of Real Society at Year Too Soon.

A good story is going the rounds concern ing one of the season's debutante's, and since the heroine lells it on herself, there is no impropriety in making it public. Last winter Miss Me was still in the

cination to little Miss M-. Singularly enough, the figures of the two girls were of an exact size, and the younger found constant delight in arraying herself in the frippery belonging to her good-natured ccusin. Many an hour was devoted to ficuncing rabout the third story with long skirts and hair tucked up under the latest bennet importation, and there was much secret practice with lorgnette and fan. Mrs. M— and the rich cousin were plung-ed to the eyebrows in social gayeties, to the envy of the young daughter of the house.

One day Mrs. M— was indisposed, and
the rich cousin vas confronted with the
necessity of attending by herself a musithe rich ccusin vas confronted with the necessity of attending by herself a musicale, three teas and making the cabinet calls. When she bemoaned the fact of going alone her youthful kinswoman was seized with an inspiration. "Oh, well," said she, "lend me some of your clothes and let me go with you. Mother will never know anything about it."

Being as smithle as rich the victor are

Being as amiable as rich, the visitor con-sented, promising herself a treat in beholding her young cousin's entrance into so-clety. Only a short time was necessary for the changes of costume, and when the heiress appeared at Mrs. Blank's musicale every one turned to look twice at the stun-ning little figure. It was a vision of bright eyes behind a tantalizing veil, rehell yellow curls carelessly knotted and feathers, laces, velvets and silks irresistibly Frenchy.

If she was the sensation of the musicale she was the universal rage at the teas. Every one wanted to meet her. Young men fell over themselves and others to obtain

for her an ice or a marron.

And all the time the little society fledg ling was quaking and fearing and blushing and suffering agonies behind the veil. It was embarrassing to acknowledge that si was not going to this and that social function, had not seen the latest theatrical success, did not even know the visiting noble man all the girls were raving over. Deeper and deeper she became involved, and the number of fibs necessary to invent paralyzed her conscience.

And the little Miss M— breathed a sigh

of relief when, arrayed in her own ankle-length gown, she was safely installed in her own home. Presumably her trials were But not so; there were consequence to be faced. The next morning Mrs. M appeared at

the breakfast table, and in the bunch of mail there were several small envelopes addressed to Miss M—. Also there were others with the inscription Mr. and Mrs. M— and Miss M—. Mrs. M— passed these over with only an elevation of the eyebrows, but her daughter thought it wise to leave the room. Opening her private letters Mrs. M— read a note from a fixed to leave the room. Opening her private letters, Mrs. M— read a note from a friend apologizing for a social error and inviting Miss M— to assist at her at home that afternoon. A second note contained an apology for not having invited Miss M— to a debutante luncheon on the previous day. Mrs. M— was completely mystified, but an early visitor soon opened her eyes. This visitor called hurriedly to say how surprised she was that Mrs. M— was introducing a daughter, and compliments were profuse upon the beauty and success of that daughter. "She was quite the sweetest thing yesterday at the musicale. Every one fell in love with her. I want her to fill an unexpected vacancy in my young people's dinner tonight."

Mrs. M— gasped out: "There must be some mistake; I have no daughter in society."

"Why, your niece introduced her to me," interrupted the astonished visitor. But hy this time Mrs. M— was ringing the bell furiously, and bath niece and daughter were hurriedly summoned. Explanations tollowed, and, ultimately, forgiveness, but it was some time before Mrs. M— managed to convince society that she was not launching a beautiful daughter that season.

This winter, when this same charming girl came out formally and correctly, and in her own instead of borrowed inery, there must have been several society men saying to themselves, "By Juva, where have I seen somebody like Miss M. ? Must have been some one Unit last seeson." Had file Telephonics

to a poor homelies mandare?"

Well-dressed Indiridual of Me home?

Why, man, you're in much. I've got a bill in my pocket for \$300 taxes on mine, six months overdue, that I can't pay."

The drummer sat near the hotel window coking at an animated scrapping match taking place between a couple of English sparrows in the gutter while half a dozen n.ore were dragging each other around by the heads over a piece of cheese in the

"They remind me," he said, "of an experience I had down in Virginia in September. I was at the store of a custom of mine waiting for him to get through with some people, and as I sat tilted back against a tree in the shade the merchant's fourteen-year-old son came up with one of those little guns, generally called 'cat rifles,' over his shoulder. I asked him what rifles, over his shoulder. I asked him what he was going to do with the gun, and he asked me if I had ever seen his hunting layout. I hadn't, and he invited me to come with him and see. We went into the house adjoining the store, where the boy lived, and there on the porch I saw a big gray tomcat asleep. The boy gave a peculiar call and the cat was on his feet in an instant without knowing exactly what had caused it. When he saw the boy and the gun he came flying that way and jumped and played about the lad exactly as a hunting dog would have done.

the gun he came hying that way and jumped and played about the lad exactly as a hunting dog would have done.

"Telling me to follow, the boy led the way out to the street, closely accompanied by the cat. A hundred yards from the gate there were a lot of English sparrows feeding and wrangling in the street, and the boy, motioning me to be careful, began to slip slowly up on his quarry. The cat in the meantime had slunk behind him, but was intent upon the work in hand. As fer myself, I began to catch the idea, and, of course, I was thoroughly interested. At about fifty feet from the birds, for they seemed shyer than those I knew eisewhere, the boy banged away and winged a bird. Instantly the cat was after it, and in a minute that bird was inside the cat. A little further down street the boy fired again, using the small B cartridge, which makes only about as much noise as a hand clap. This time he missed, and as the birds flew up to the trees the cat lookthe birds flew up to the trees the cat look-ed at him reproachfully. The next shot he was luckier and the cat got another bird. Twice the boy missed and the cat showed plainly how disgusted he was with that sort of shooting. But he waited for more, though evidently less interested, now that he had eaten two birds. At the next fire the boy barely touched a bird and the cat made a bound for it and missed it. He watched it a second as it disappeared, and then with cat-like un reasonableness he refused to follow his master further and jumping over a fence

"'No,' said I, 'and I never before saw cat that would do it.

"The boy smiled at the way I put it, and as we went back to the store he told me what a hard task it was to teach a cat to hunt sparrows with a gun." The Lucky Man.

Smith was telling Jones about a romance n his life, Smith having been a bachelor. aged forty or in excess thereof, before he had fettered himself by chains matrimonial. Jones, on the contrary, had begun young, and there was much joy and verdure in his life, and he did not look at the world and the men and women of it with a cynic's eye. "And," remarked Jones, in response to the

stery that Smith was telling, "you say that you and Brown courted the same lady for ten vears? "Exactly. That is to say, it may have teen a month or six weeks shy of that, but

to all intents and purposes, it was ten "How remarkable!"

"Rather "And which was the lucky man?"
"Oh, Brown, of course. If you knew me
you'd know that I was never around when the lucky numbers were being drawn."

"You are to be pitted; really you are, my dear Mr. Smith," said Jones, laying his hand on the other man's shoulder tederly. "Thank you, I am sure;" and Smith brushed an incipient tear from his eye. "I don't want to be inquisitive, or open ny old wounds," continued Jones, "but any old wounds," continued Jones, "but may I ask as a friend how long ago it was "He didn't married the lady?"

"He married the lady?"

said Smith, with

"Didn't marry her?" exclaimed Jones. "Why didn't you say that he was the lucky man?" "Of course I did. I was the man who married her." And Smith looked at the simple-minded and guildless Jones with an eye that made the goose-fiesh stand out on his bones and sent the creeps up and down

VERSATILE TO THE LAST DEGREE. An Ohio Farmer Who Combined Editorial Writing With Whitewashing. "Talking about versatility, what do you think of this?" asked a traveling man at Willard's the other night, as he dove into

the recesses of his inside coat pocket and brought forth a faded envelope, the edges and corners of which were well worn from carrying. "Read this. It's what I call versatility

of the first water." The card which appeared in the left-han

apper corner read as follows: If not called for in 10 days return to E P. WHEELER (NASBY II),

Madison, Ohio.

Correspondent for leading country papers
in Northern Ohio.

Editorials furnished promptly.

Whitewashing done at reasonable rates. "How does that strike you?" asked the 'How does that strike you?' asked the commercial traveler when The Star reporter had finished reading. "That man Wheeler was a farmer. He lived about three miles from the Madison post office, where there was absolutely no news, but he used to send stuff to the papers, just the same. A dozen years ago he got the gov-ernment to locate a post office at the cross-roads, and it was named Wheeler. He died about three years ago, but the post office

keeps his name green.
"Why, that fellow couldn't write a single sentence without its being funny. And he did it unconsciously. Here is a paragraph taken from the Wheeler correspondence to

the county paper:
"Ezra Hoskins will build an addition to his barn the coming spring. Such is life."
"His writings were so funny that the
people insisted on having more news from Vheeler. One of the Cleveland papers en joyed his literary labors so much that it got him to write editorials on the most pro-found topics, and they were printed on the

editorial page, too.
"Wheeler was paid at space rates, and he actually thought that he was one of the greatest writers and thinkers in the country. The poor fellow went to his grave without knowing that he was amusing his fellow man.

A Remarkable Battle. "'Not by a d-d sight, am I,' he said: but I am a-goin' to cut you up so a can-

nin' factory wouldn't take you,' and he leaped in again and made a lunge with his dirk at Noble's face. But Noble's face wasn't there. Noble dodged suddenly, and Finn fell against the bar with the whirl of the lunge he had made. When he turned around Noble was in the middle of the saloon, weaponless and apparently content to be weaponless. Finn made at him again and gave another frightful side sweep with his dirk for Noble's head. He missed again, and Gus landed a hard one with his right his dirk for Noble's head. He missed again, and Gus landed a hard one with his right fist on the mule-whacker's right ear. Finn winced, but he was a powerful man, and it took more than one blow to put him out. Well, this fight between the man with the dirk and the man with only a scientific pair of fists lasted for fully five minutes, Finn striving desperately to land on his man with his dirk, and never so much as scratching him, while every time he made a sweep he got a stunning blow either on his face or chest. Moonlight would have shot Finn from behind the bar, but he was afraid of hitting Noble, the men were circling about so swiftly. Finally, when the mule-whacker made one of his swift side lunges with the knife, Noble suddenly ducked, ran squarely between Finn's legs and lifted the man off his feet as easily as an ordinary man would hoist a pound of salt. Finn came down on all fours, and Noble wrenched his right armi until the dirk at the mule-whacker's threat, Noble then made him repeat after him a groveling apolegy to the tenderfoot, who stood by, too paralyzed with fear to get out. When he let Finn up, he handed him his two guns and his dirk, and told him to make for his shack and sleep off his rum. The mule-whacker walked out without a word, a beaten man."



Written for The Evening Star.

Bereavement. I's sittin' alone wif nuffin' 'roun' But my lonesomeness an' me, An' watchin' de snow dat piles de groun' An' hangs f'um de hick'ry tree. It's many a month sence I has knowed Whut real inj'yment is, 'Case dat lonesomeness, it come an

growed When de bull-frog done got friz.

useter wait an' listen when De sun wah gittin' low. He'd allus staht a-tunin' den, So serious-like an' slow. An' dah he'd sit an' he'd sing to me Dem curious songs o' his. Dis life ain' half what it useter be Sence de bull-frog done got friz.

I los' de cricket wifout a sigh An' de tree-toad f'um de bough. An' I says, "good by, Mistuh Butterfly, You couldn' sing none, nohow." But I mus' confess to my lonesomeness As de cold winds whine an' whizz. My pleasures is little an' growin' less Sence de bull-frog done get friz.

Disconsolate.

Mr. Blykins had been suffering with dyspepsia and had, as is his custom at such times, taken occasion to discourse on his he made a streak across lots for home.

"'No dog would ever do that way,' said the boy, half disposed to send a B after the rently mentioned in the newspapers. As rently mentioned in the newspapers As a remotely but adversely affected individual, he had strenuously objected to the manner in which all business, both private and public, is conducted, and had with difficulty curbed an impulse to hold his wife personally responsible for the whole trouble. "I am very sorry, dear," she had said for

the nineteenth or twentieth time, and her gentle patience at last made an impression on him. While the bitterness of his mood did not abate, he began to comprehend its unreasonableness, and as his asperity abated her own forbearance began to flag. "I'm afraid, dear," she remarked, with

the exceeding mellowness of tone which sometimes betokens sarcasm, "that there is but one way in which you could possibly be happy."
"What do you mean?" 'You ought to be king."

"You ought to be king."
His face brightened for an instant and then he frowned once more.
"No," he sighed, "it wouldn't be of any use. Not the slightest in the case of a man who has my habitual ill-luck. Even if I were a king I could perceive my finish. Some iniquitous ace would loom up and take me the first hand 'round."

Incorrigible. Mr. Erastus Pinkley had found a corner near the radiator in the hall of the large office building, and was dozing the hours away, regardless of calls for his services that might be arising elsewhere. One of the tenants who likes Erastus for his plores his indolence,

Inilia

there, and exclaimed: Why, Erastus, ou don't mean to deliberately take a nap in the middle of the day!" "No, suh. I doesn' deliberately mean to. But I's settin' hyah, an' ef anyfing happens ter me I ain'

happened to see him

gwineter raise no ob-'Ah, Erastus, you ought to think of the future." future."
"Yassir. I 'spose I

ought."
"You ought to think of the golden hours that you have wasted in the past." "Yassir."

"Even now, comparatively young as you are, you might do well to look back on your life with regret for the hours that you have squandered. "I knows it, boss; I knows it. I'd do it

on'y foh one fing. I's thought 'bout it many a time, an' I can't make up memin' which dem wasted hours is—de ones when I wah injyin' merse'f aw de ones when I wah hus'lin' 'roun'."

Growth of a Great Man. The man who had come to Washington

after an office was talking over old times with Colonel Stilwell. "Do you remember Mr. Gowans?" asked the visitor.

"Puffeckly well," replied the colonel; puffeckly." "I believe he settled in your city, did he not?" "Yes, suh."

"He didn't seem to have a great deal of mbition when I knew him." "There's where you show yourself a pore judge of human nature, suh. I nevvuh saw a man get along fastuh in our community,

"Perhaps I did him an injustice. "You undoubtedly did, suh. Why, befo' he had been there three weeks he had got to be a major; in less than six months he

was known as 'colonel,' and when I left a great many people were alludin' to him as "Still, that doesn't prove that he has accomplished anything practical."
"Don't mistake, suh; don't imagine that he has wasted his opportunities. A man cannot achieve all things at once, suh. His

rise was gradual, but sure. I dun't tell you what happened to him aftuh I left the city. Step by step he made as way, suh, from major to colonel and from colonel to general, and still onward and upward, until now, suh, he has got to be a real postmaster, with compensation amounting to at least \$600 per annum, suh."

The Head of His Classes. The nervous lady who lives in an apart-The nervous lady who lives in an apartment house was not only surprised but indignant to find the janitor's small son rare books."—Indianapolis Journal,

running the elevator while the regular operator was getting his lunch. "Little boy!" she exclaimed "you ought to be at school instead of trying to run an

"I'm not trying to run it," was the answer. "I'm running it. And if you to ride I will be happy to accommodate So far as any obligation to be at scho concerned, allow me to remind you



this is a legal holiday, and I am exemp from attendance at an institution where am pleased to say I am at the head of most of my classes. "You have no business trying to run that

elevator, anyhow."
"You couldn't very well run it for yourself, you know."
"I'd rather try it than depend on you."

"For what reason?" "Because you are too young to know any-thing about it." "Madam, allow me to reassure you. This

elevator is operated by hydraulic pres-sure, the principle relied on being that water exerts pressure in proportion to the height of a column rather than in proportion to the diameter. In making use of this characteristic, water is admitted into a cylinder, the pressure being regulated by the use of valves and a stable equilibrium made possible by an ingenious system of counterpoises. I could go further into the minutiae of this particular machine, which of course has its variations from other models," he added as she gasped in as-tonishment, "but I doubt if you could follow the technical terms whose use an ac-curate description would necessitate. But wish to assure you that if, after what I have said, you think you know more about this elevator than I do, you are at perfect liberty to step in and take its manage-ment out of my hands."

The Strange Part If It. love to hear a certain learned friend of

mine orate On our modern institutions and their dire degenerate state. When he talks about the drama, how he

scores the coryphees! And asks how long the public will permit such things as these! He speaks of our performers as mere pig-

mies in an age Where there is no chance of viewing real genius on the stage.

And the plays are less than triffing and the wit which men should prize To buffoonery has weakened, which must

needs demoralize-But he goes to see 'em.

And the novels that are published! How h puts 'em 'neath the lash And wonders how the people can endure such tawdry trash.

The authors and their managers without remorse he scores And declares that they're "pernicious" or "unmittgated bores."

He vows that they are callow save in cases where we find Too much sophistication for the really wellbred mind.

And he wishes for a bonfire which as sustenance would claim Most volumes that have been and are be coming known to fame-But he buys 'em.

And when he talks of politics-that's when his flinty ire Into the tinder of my dull intelligence

He shows how politicians with their me chanism bold Have quite usurped the places that ability should hold.

And how some wily people will by plots and cunning snares Rank with the great and righteous in the national affairs. With scorn he tells me how these politi-

cians bad have made What should be patriotism into usury and trade-

But he votes for 'em. Some Benefits of a Lawyer.

From the Kansas City Star. James Moore, a slender young lad, is a living example of a person serving five months in jail for an offense that Judge Wofford this morning said was deserving of only one day's punishment.

Last August Moore was arrested on complaint of a negro twice his size for felonious assault. Moore employed an attor-ney, and when the case came before Jus-tice Joyce he asked for a ten days' contice Joyce he asked for a ten days' continuance. This was granted and Moore went back to jail. Then a change of venue was asked to Justice Hawthorne's court, and after a month's delay the brilliant attorney waived examination. The grand jury saw nothing in the case, so didn't consider it. This brought it before Judge Wofford this morning, who, after five minutes' consideration, sent the boy to jail for one day. This is about the sentence Moore would have received had his case been considered last August.

"Could I sell you a Bible?" asked the agent.
"I guess not," replied the real estate

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